

without disturbance, on the beauties of a summer's eve.

Pleas'd with the serenity and fineness of the surrounding landscape, lost in admiring the pomp and grandeur of the setting sun, and unconscious of the speedy flight of time, *Theron* stroll'd along the verdant meads till he came to a grove of trees, at the extremity of which, and on the brink of a murmuring stream, was erected a monument to the memory of *Eliza Musgrove*, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, the only daughter of Sir Wm. Musgrove, lord of the manor, who died in the 17th year of her age*, of a cold she caught in a party of pleasure on the water in the month of June.

Here the young Squire sat down at the foot of an aged oak; after surveying with attention the several inscriptions on the monument, and taking out of his pocket a book of poems which he usually carried about with him as a pocket companion in his rural walks, read the following epitaph on a lady written by her lover a few hours before she died.

* She was a beautiful young lady, and one whom *Theron* once loved and admired, and, had she lived, would have been proposed by his father, as a suitable wife for him.

Sing.

Sing, plaintive muse! in sympathetic strain
And pour your wailings into Pity's ear
Maria's gone! alas, what now remains,
But heart-felt grief, and ever-fresh
tears.

Think of her fate! revere th' almighty hand
That snatcht her hence, tho' soon
steps so slow;

Long at her couch, Death took his
stand,

And threaten'd oft, and oft withheld
'blow.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? alas! ye fight
Make then, while yet ye may, your
your friend,

And learn with equal ease to sleep or

* * * * *

Here *Theron* stopt, and again
with pity and concern on *Eliza's* monument
for some minutes he was lost in thought
at length he uttered in a sympathetic
the ensuing soliloquy.

"Poor *Maria*, where art thou now
thou, once fair and beautiful *Eliza*,
become of thee? I knew thy virtue
shall hold thy memory ever dear.—
is youth, with all the charms of beauty
the gifts of fortune, if thus dissolved